

GOLD
KEY

YOGI BEAR

STILL ONLY 12c

HANNA-
BARBERA

YOGI BEAR

10069-407

JULY



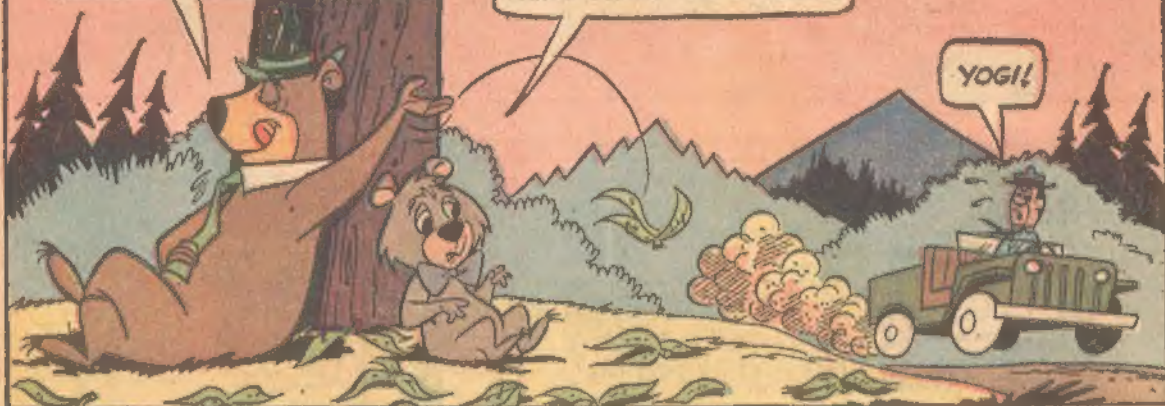
Hanna-Barbera
YOGI BEAR

HOME ON THE RANGER

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF THE BANANAS, BOO BOO!

THEY WERE SURE GOOD! I WISH WE HAD...OH, OH! HERE COMES THE RANGER!

YOGI!



HI, RANGER! WHAT'S UP?

YOU TWO SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO LITTER OUR PARK WITH BANANA PEELS!



I'VE GOT ENOUGH TO DO WITHOUT CHECKING ON YOU BEARS ALL THE TIME! GET BUSY AND CLEAN THAT MESS UP!

YES, SIR!

GULP!



HRUMPH! DO THIS! DO THAT! WHAT A BOSSY-TYPE GUY!

THE RANGER IS ONLY DOING HIS JOB, YOGI!

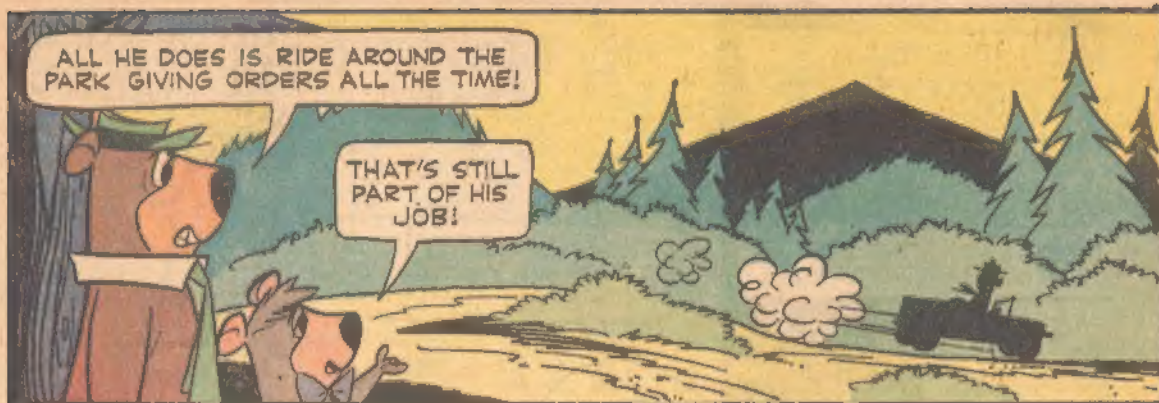


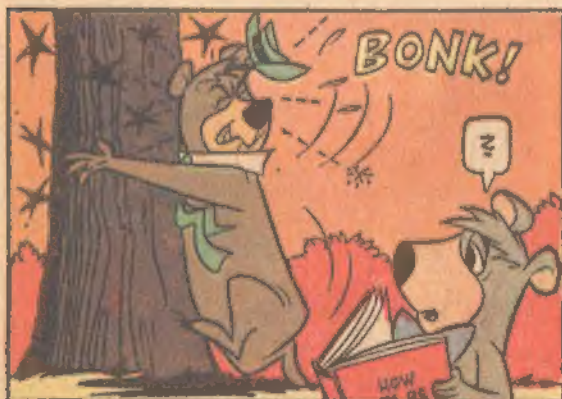
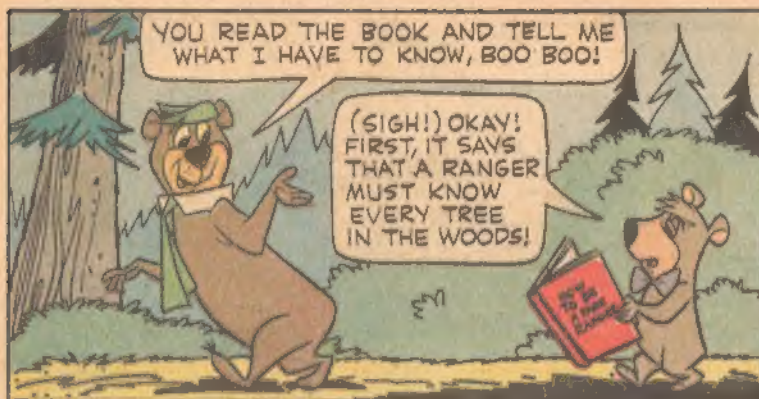
JOB? HO! HO! WHAT KIND OF JOB DO YOU CALL THAT?

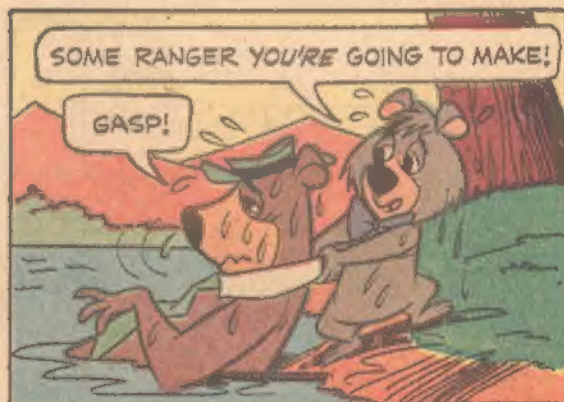


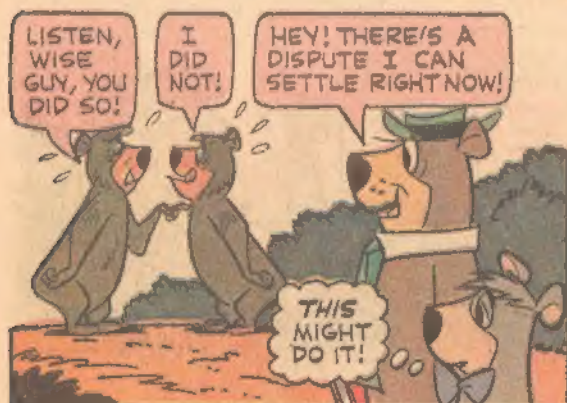
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Hanna-Barbera YOGI BEAR

The SPRING CLEANING CAPER



SHORTLY...

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS, BOO BOO?

FRED'S FINE FURNITURE
BUY NOW — PAY LATER

I KNOW WE CAN HANDLE THE **BUY NOW** PART, BUT I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THE **PAY LATER!**

HEY-HEY-HEY, AND A GOOD DAY TO YOU! I'D LIKE TO BUY ALL NEW FURNITURE FOR MY CAVE!

ER... FURNITURE FOR A CAVE? DON'T YOU BEARS USUALLY SLEEP ON LEAVES OR SOMETHING?

I AM A CLASSIER THAN AV-ER-AGE BEAR! I'D LIKE THAT SOFA... AND THAT BED OVER THERE AND...

A BUNCH OF BUYING LATER...

YESSIR... THAT'S THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS' WORTH OF FURNITURE!

I'D LIKE IT ALL DELIVERED TO MY CAVE AT JELLYSTONE!

IS THIS CASH OR CHARGE?

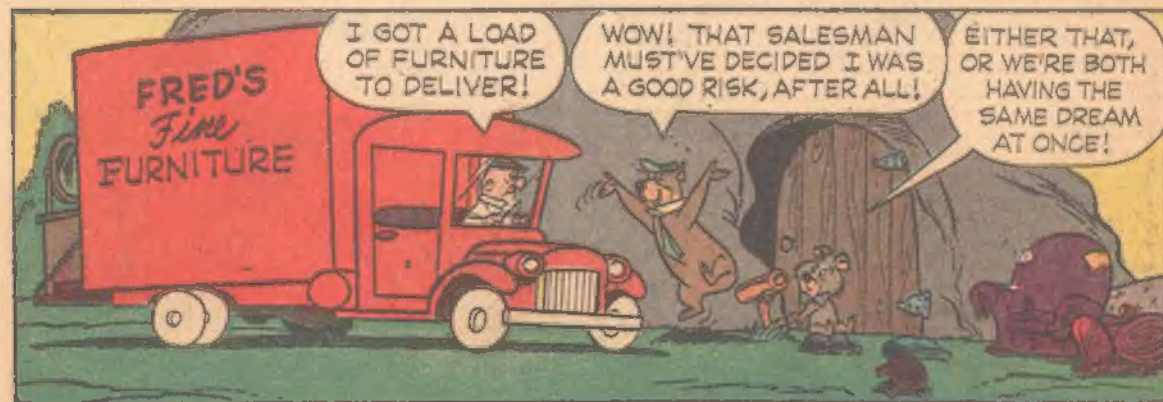
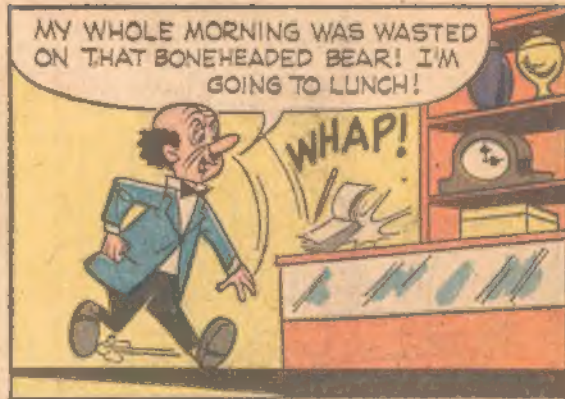
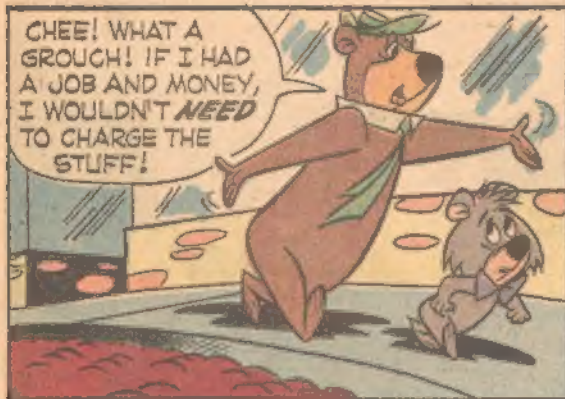
HMM! I LEFT MY CHECKBOOK AT HOME, SO I'LL CHARGE IT!

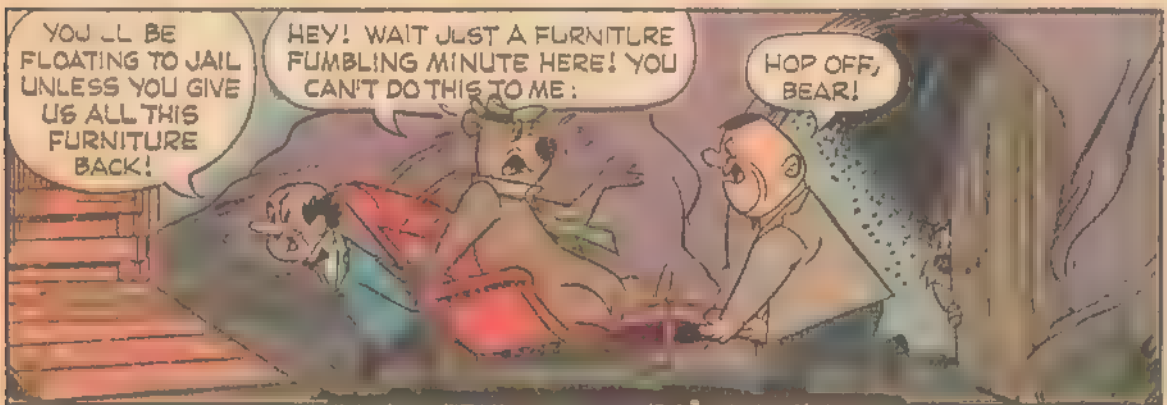
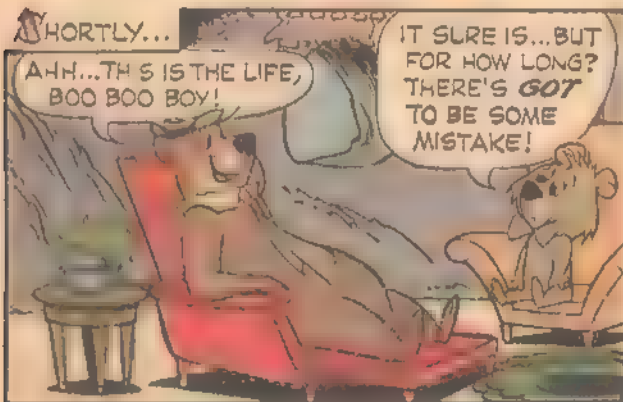
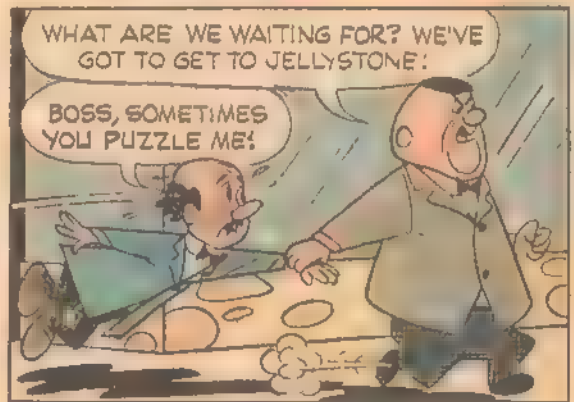
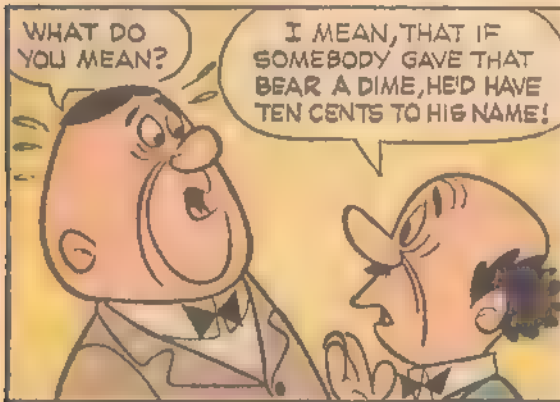
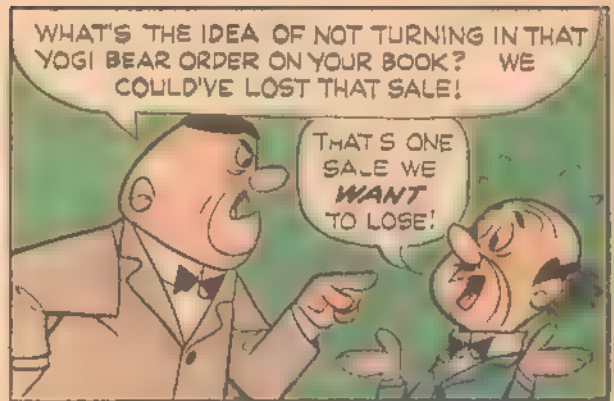
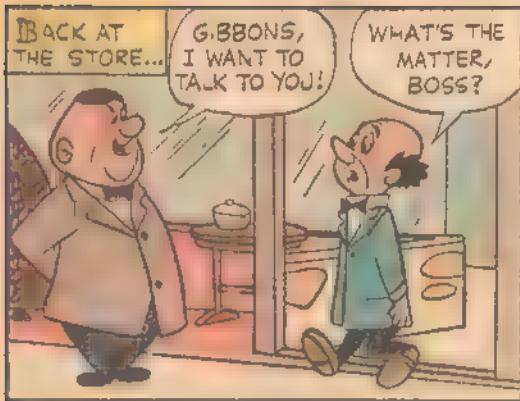
FINE! I'LL NEED SOME INFORMATION... LIKE WHERE DO YOU WORK AND HOW MUCH DO YOU MAKE?

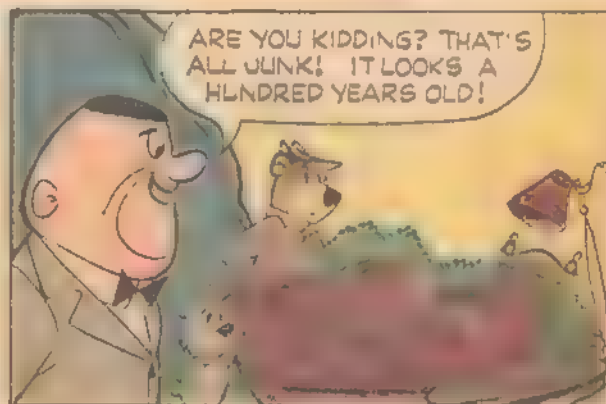
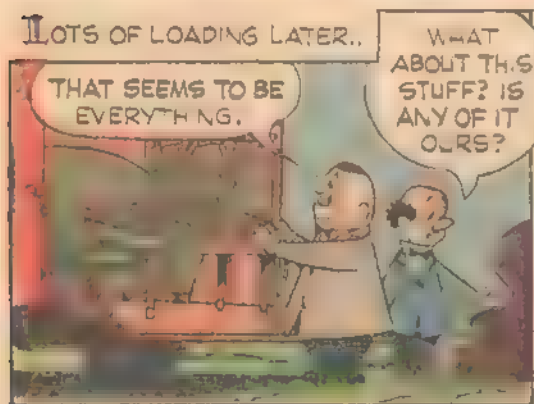
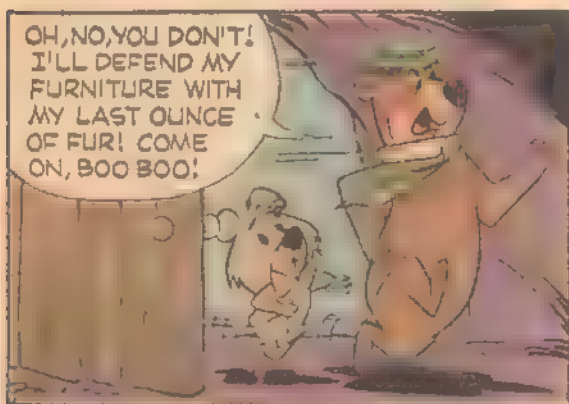
THAT'LL BE EASY! I DON'T WORK AND I DON'T MAKE ANYTHING!

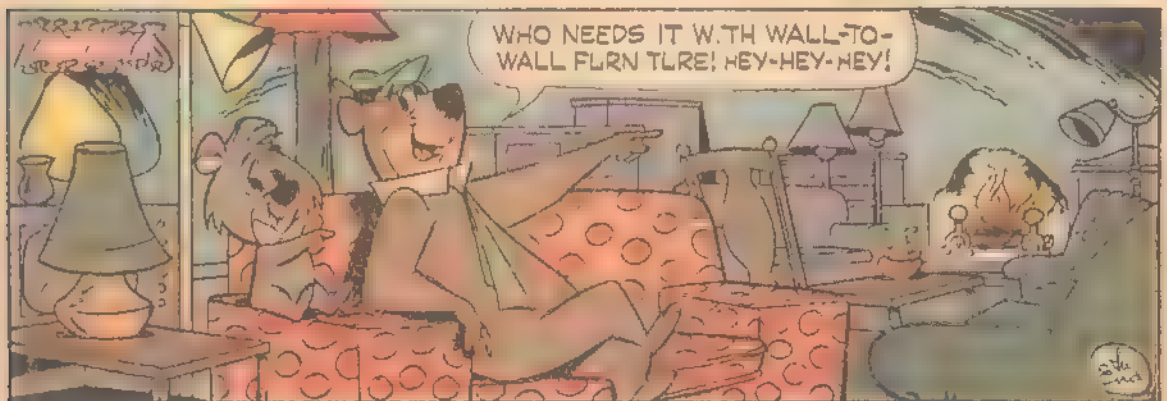
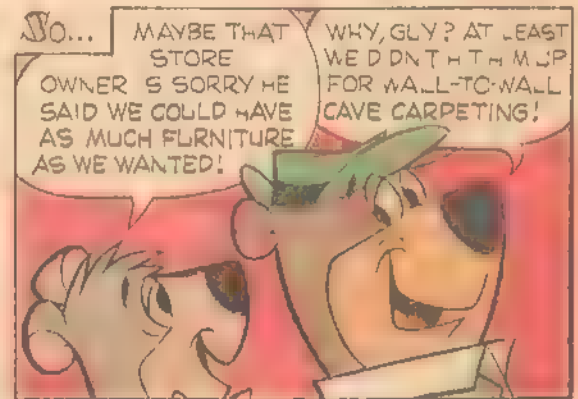
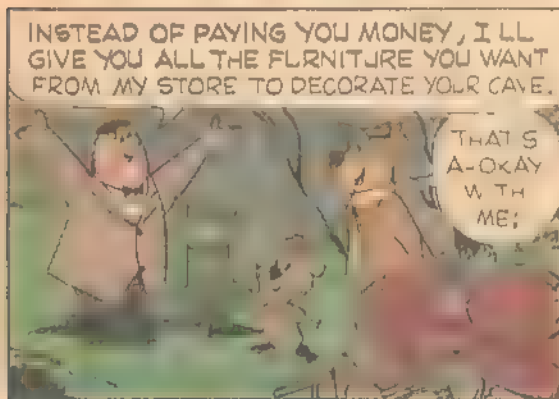
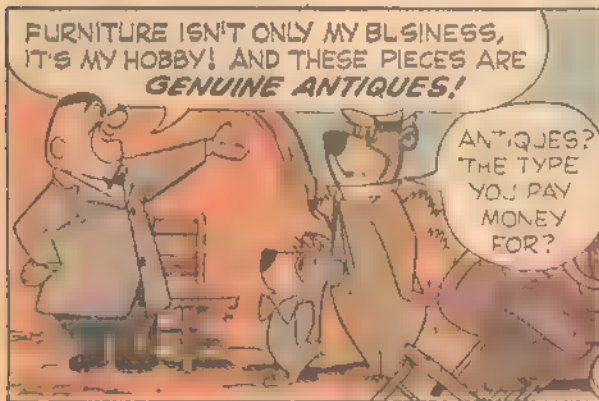
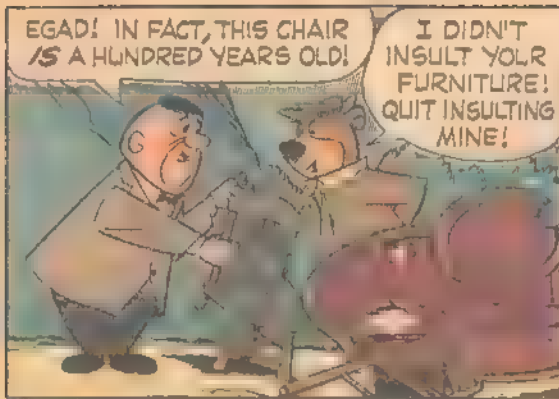
...AND **STAY OUT!**

DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?









Hanna Barbera YOGI BEAR

TWO WRONGS MAKE A RIGHT

JELLYSTONE IS EXPECTING A VISITOR,
AND EVERYBODY'S BUSY, BUSY, BUSY...

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, FELLOWS! I WANT
THIS PARK LOOKING SPICK-AND-SPAN!



EVERYBODY BUT YOU KNOW WHO.

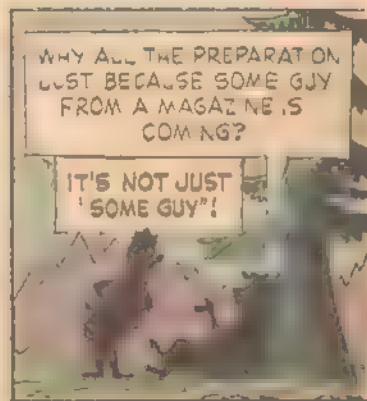
YOGI, WHY AREN'T
YOU WORKING?

JUST WATCHING
EVERYBODY ELSE
MAKES ME
A RED
TEDDY.



WHY ALL THE PREPARATION
JUST BECAUSE SOME GUY
FROM A MAGAZINE IS
COMING?

IT'S NOT JUST
'SOME GUY'!



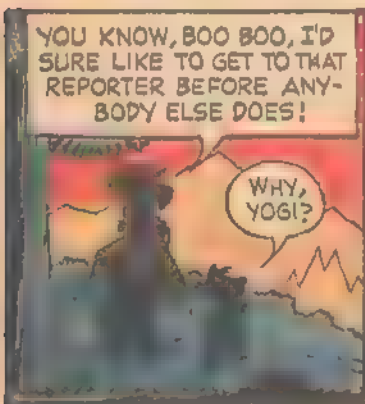
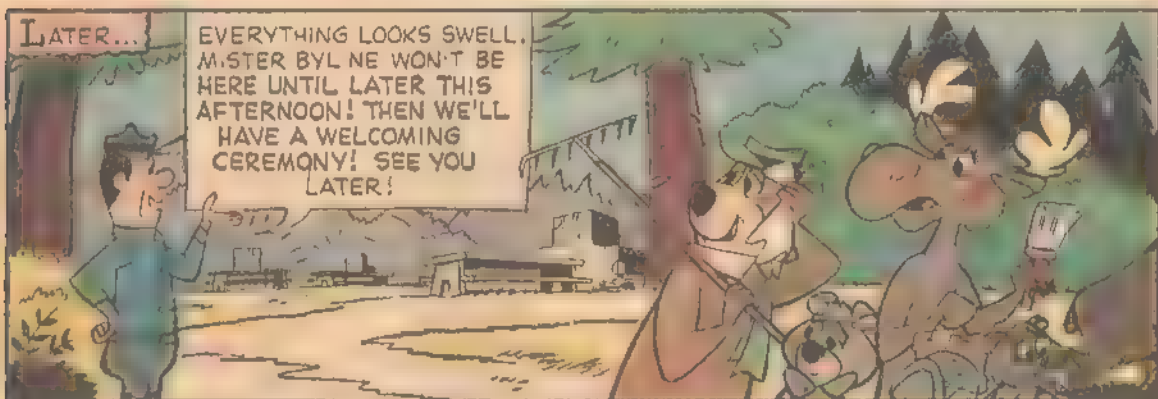
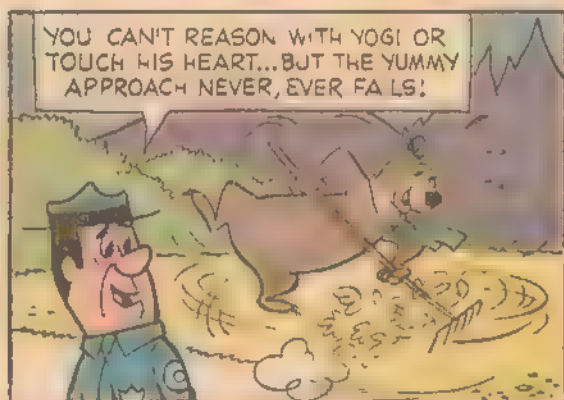
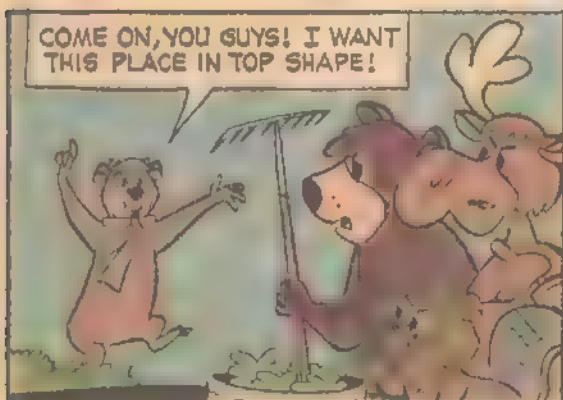
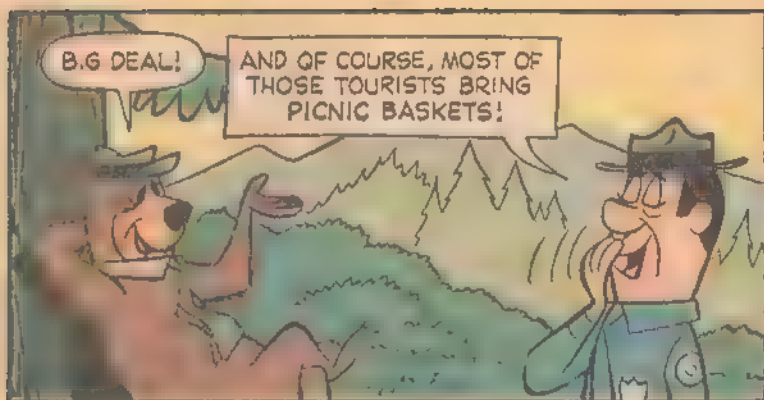
BUT BY LINE OF TOURIST TRAILS MAGAZINE
IS COMING AND IT COULD BE VERY BIG NEWS
FOR JELLYSTONE!

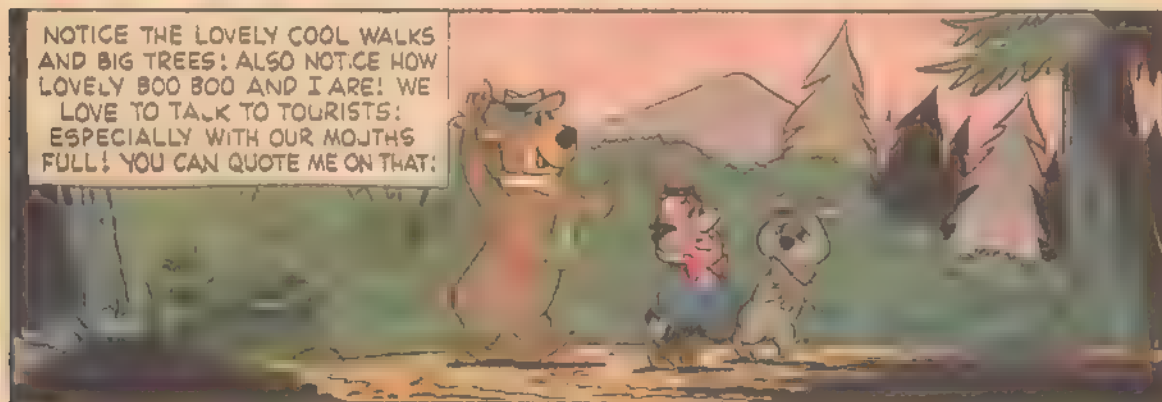
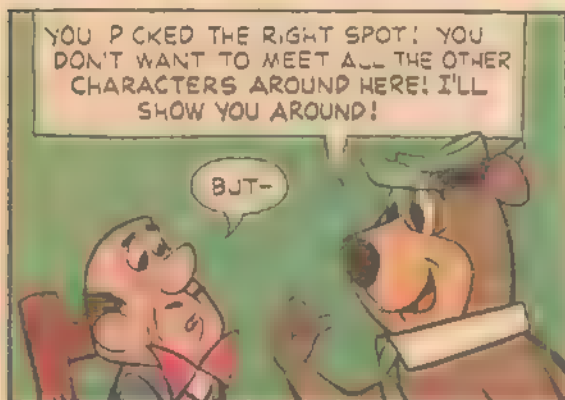
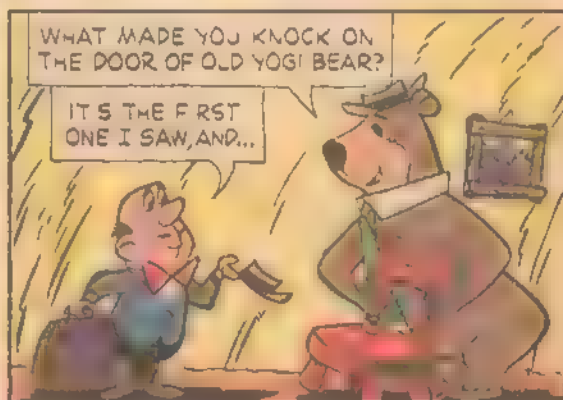
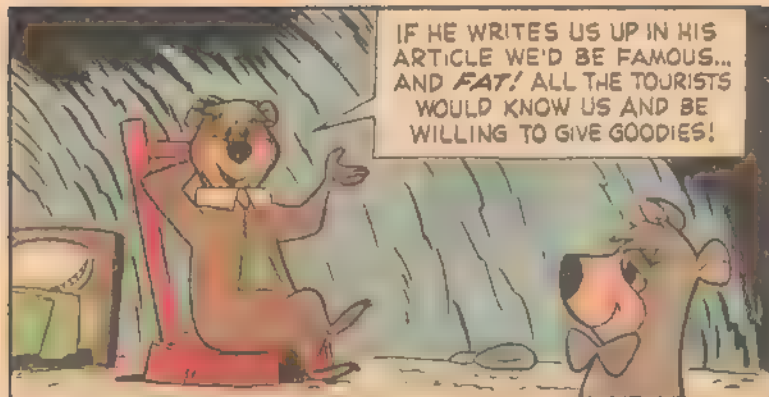
WHY, GUY?

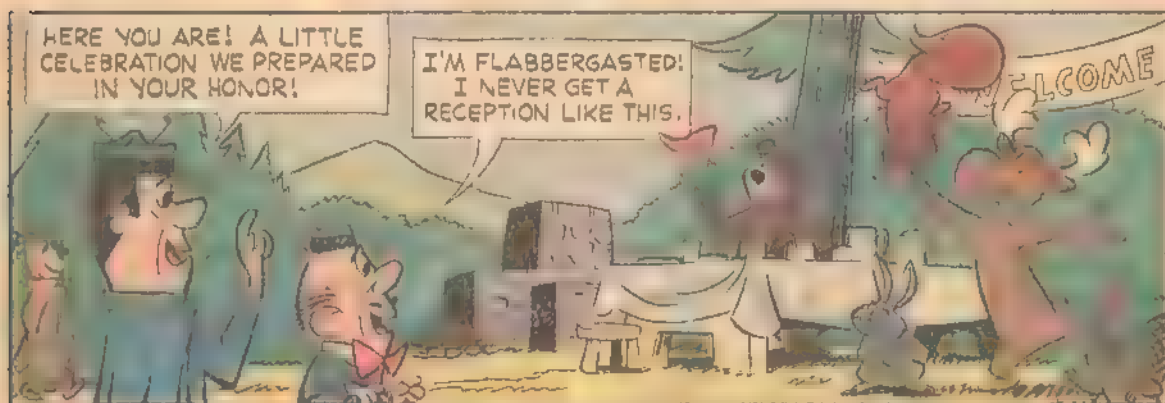
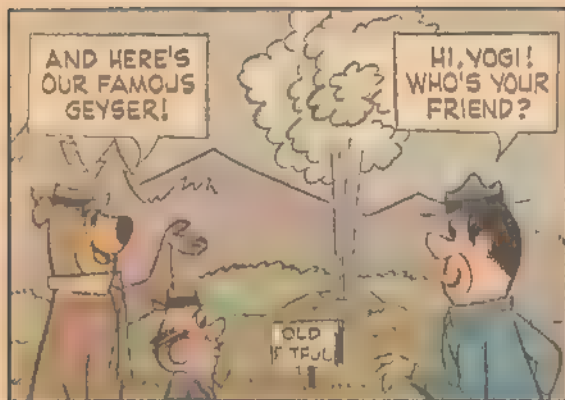


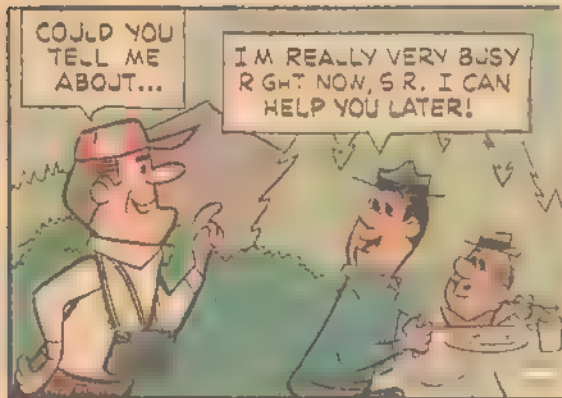
EVERYBODY READS
THAT MAGAZINE,
AND IF JELLYSTONE
IS DESCRIBED AS
A BEAUTIFUL,
FRIENDLY PLACE,
TOURISTS WILL
FLOCK HERE!



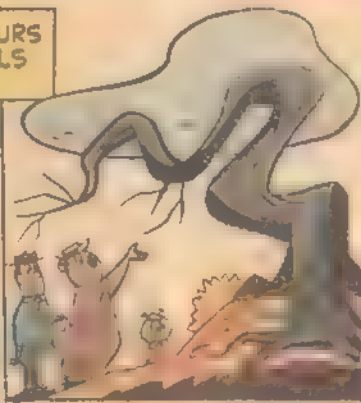


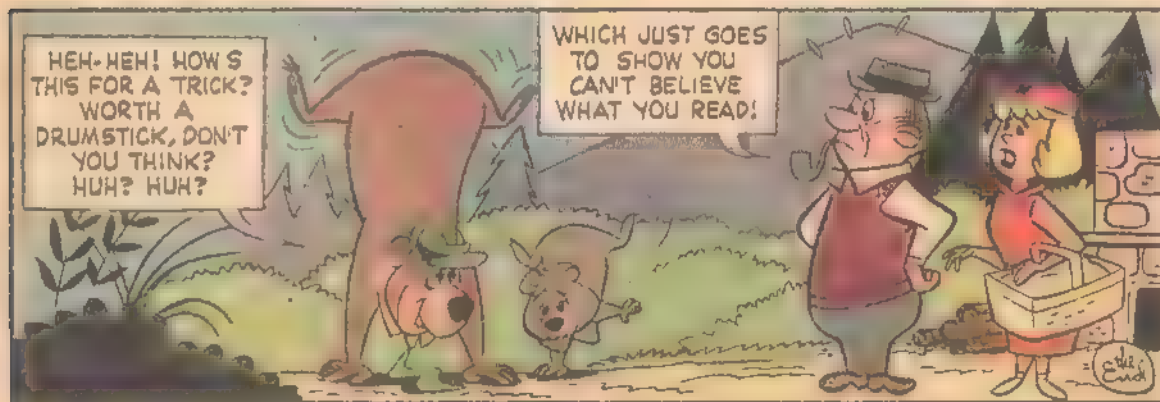
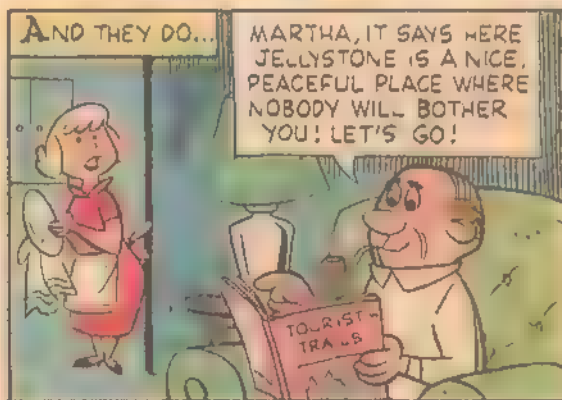
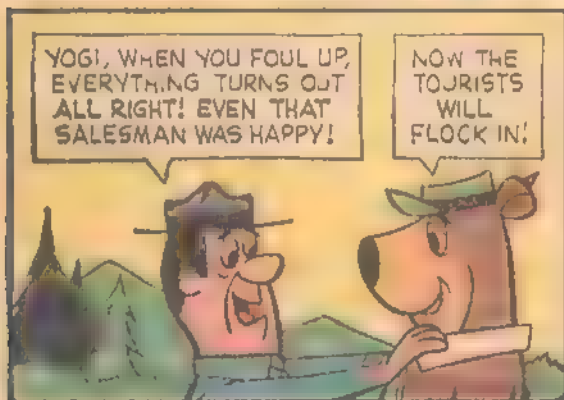
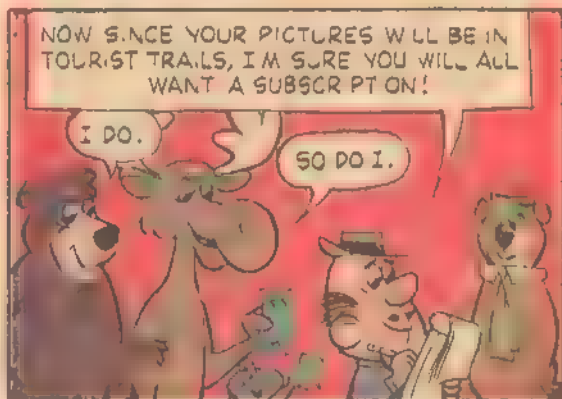






AND FOR THE NEXT THREE HOURS THE MAN FROM TOURIST TRAILS GETS THE ROYAL TOUR...







Little Hoot was ambling down the forest path toward home when he saw a group of hoptoads hopping as far as they could.

"Hi! What are you doing?" Little Hoot excitedly greeted his friends.

"We're practicing for the Woodland Olympics," replied one of the hoptoads. "We're going to enter the jumping contest."

"Why don't you work out with us?" invited another hoptoad.

"Ho, ho," laughed a third. "Little Hoot is just an owl. He couldn't win a jumping event no matter how hard he tried."

"I guess you are right," sighed Little Hoot, as he continued along his way.

Soon, he saw several of his frog friends diving gracefully into a stream and swimming back and forth in the water.

"Are you practicing for the big Woodland Olympics, too?" asked Little Hoot.

"Sure," answered one big frog. "It is too bad you can't join us, but I guess owls and water don't mix."

"I guess not," agreed Little Hoot sadly.

The forest was a busy place that day. The birds were singing in preparation for the musical entertainment, the bears were busy wrestling, and the turtles were racing as fast as they could.

Little Hoot could not think of a thing that he could do in any of the events. By the time he reached his home, he had the longest

face a round-faced owl could possibly have.

His father, the Wise Old Owl, was waiting in the tree where they lived. Dusk was just falling, but being an owl, he could see that Little Hoot was very unhappy.

"Tell your father what's troubling you," suggested the Wise Old Owl.

"I'm tired of being an owl, that's what," Little Hoot cried. "I have no talent!"

Tearfully, he sobbed out the story of the Woodland Olympics. "I can't do anything that's any good for anything," he concluded. "I'm even too little to enter a flying contest . . . I can't sing! I'm good for nothing!"

Then his father spoke. "Don't forget that you can see in the dark, which is something most of your friends can't do."

Little Hoot was not convinced. "Well," he sighed, "it's dark now, and I don't see much that's worth looking at."

"Look around," suggested the Wise Old Owl, as he yawned and stretched out his right wing. "What do you see over there?"

"Whoo-hoo . . . HOOT!" cried Little Hoot in alarm: "I see a baby owl on the ground. He's even smaller than I am, and a weasel is lurking close by. What can I do, Father?"

"Sound your loudest cry of alarm," said the Wise Old Owl, "while I try to distract the weasel's attention."

"HOOT! HOOT!" shouted Little Hoot in a most alarming voice.

"HOOT! HOOT!" replied another owl in a nearby tree. "What's the trouble?"

"Help my father!" exclaimed Little Hoot. "He's trying to save a little owl that can not fly! Do hurry!"

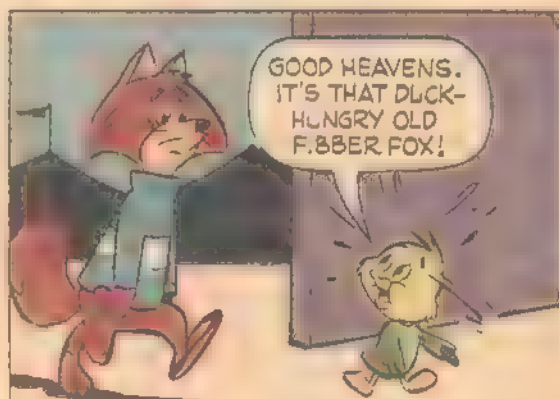
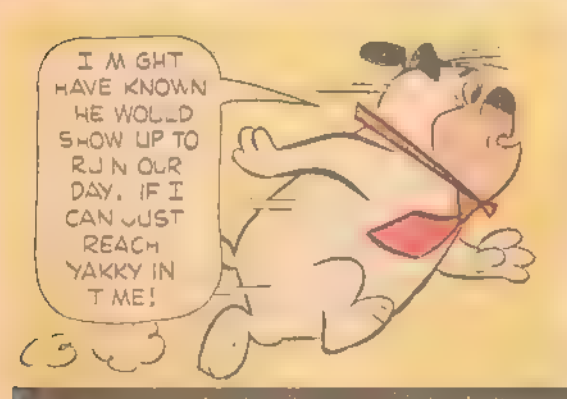
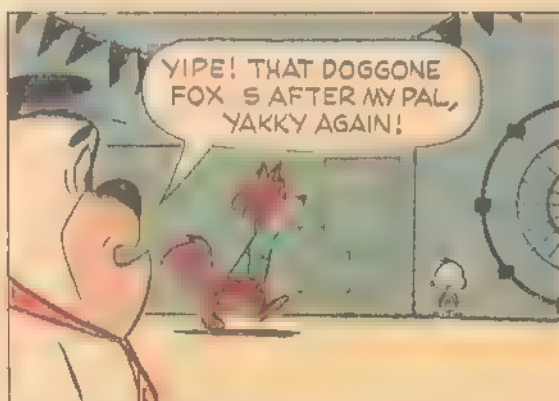
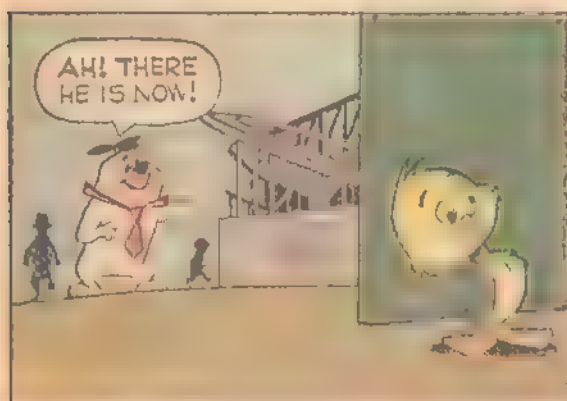
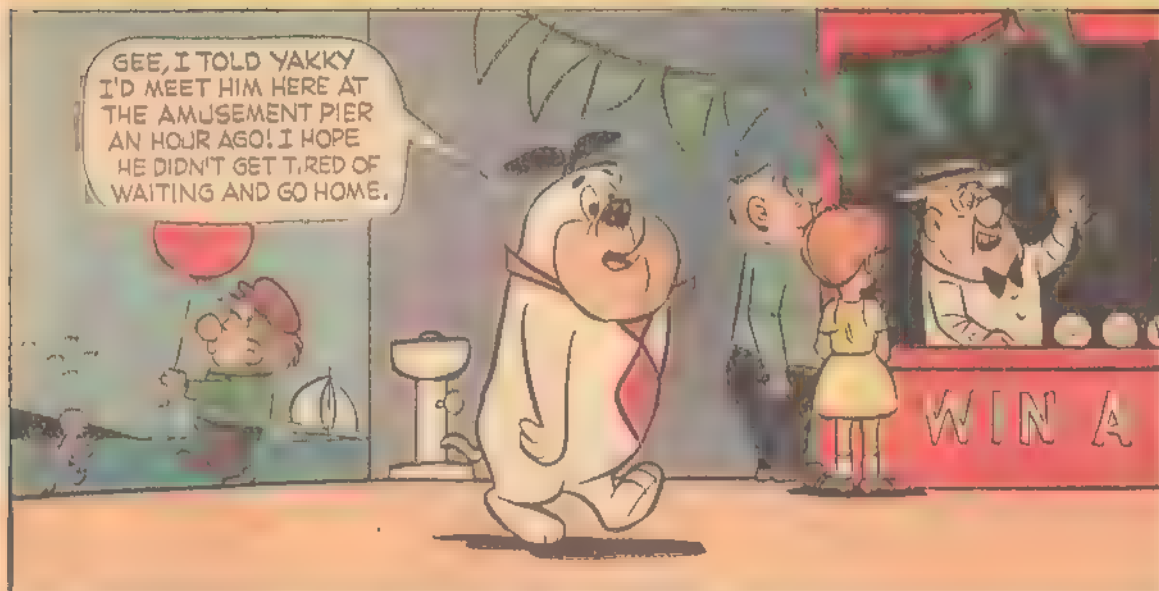
Down swooped the big owl, but already the Wise Old Owl had led the weasel away from the little bird, who scrambled to a safe place in a small hole in a hollow log.

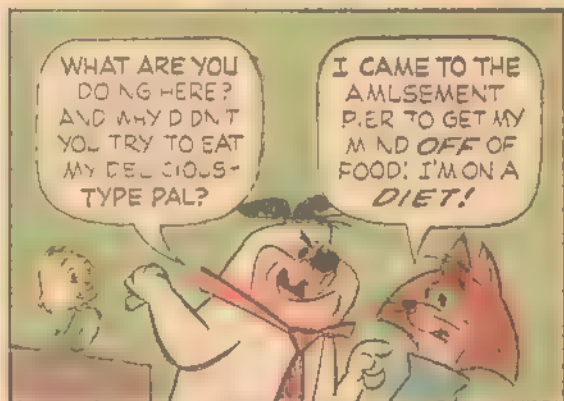
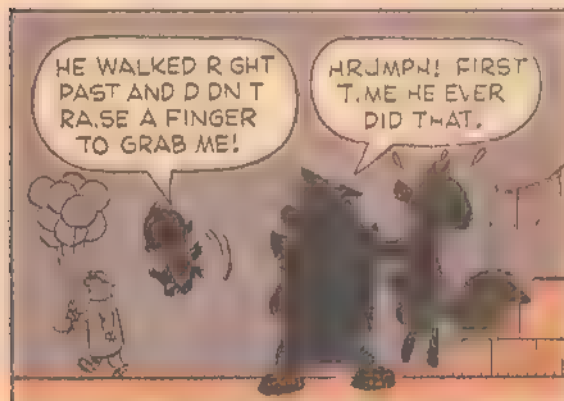
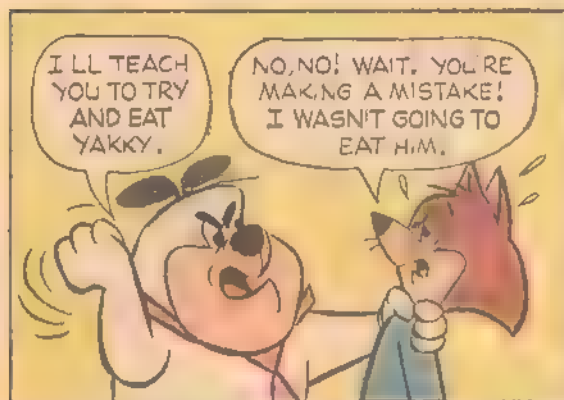
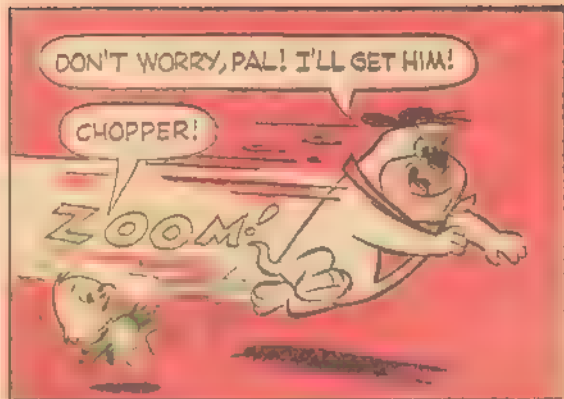
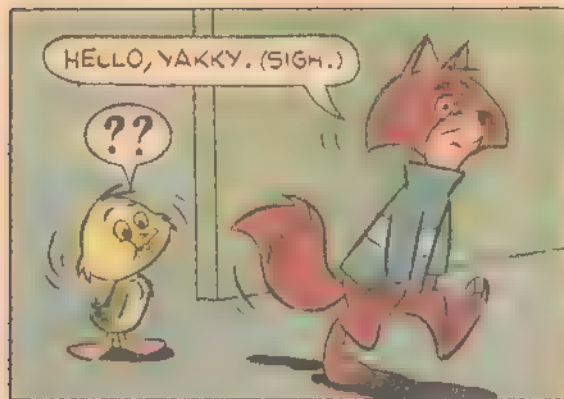
When his father returned, Little Hoot exclaimed, "I guess being able to see in the dark is good for something if it helps save a life. I'm glad I'm an owl!"

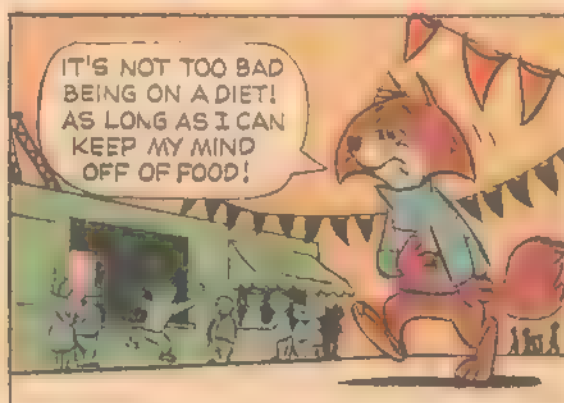
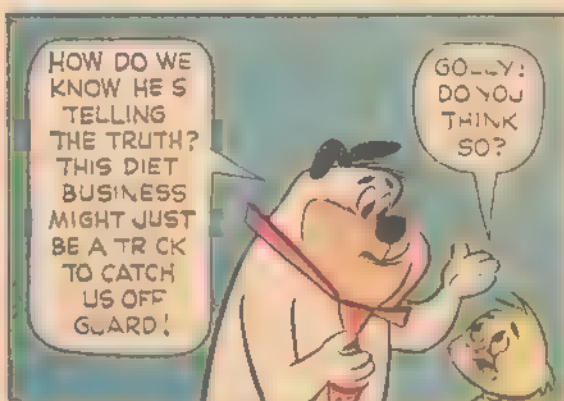
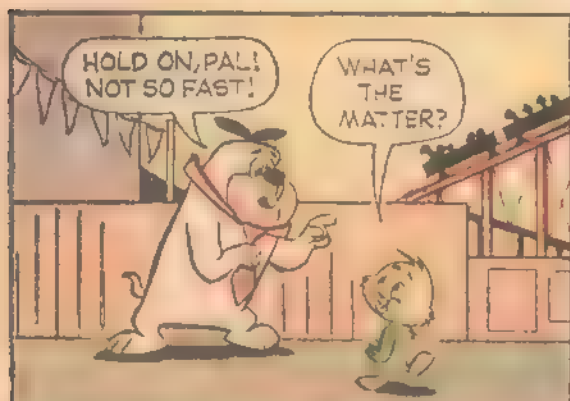
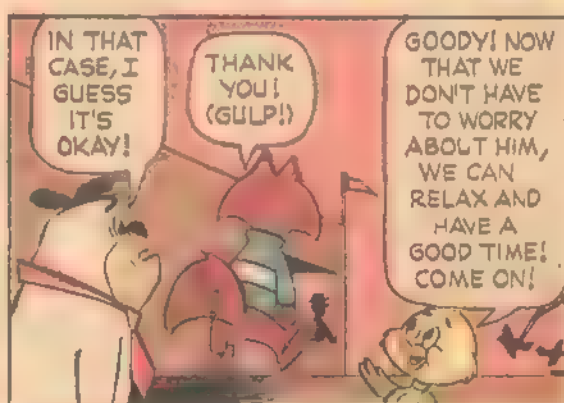
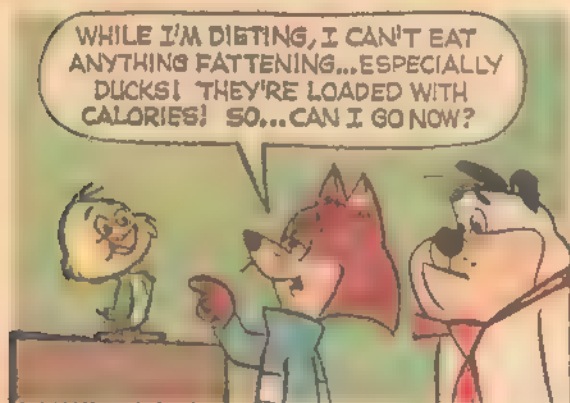
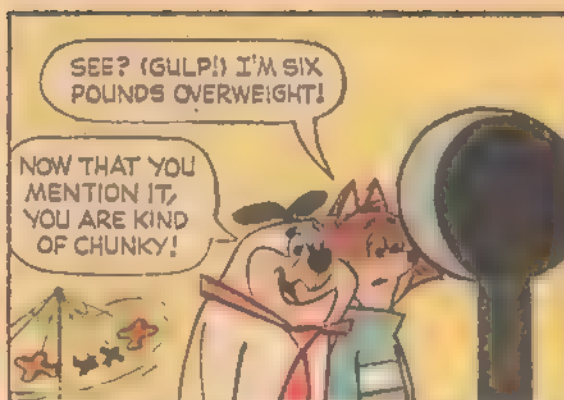
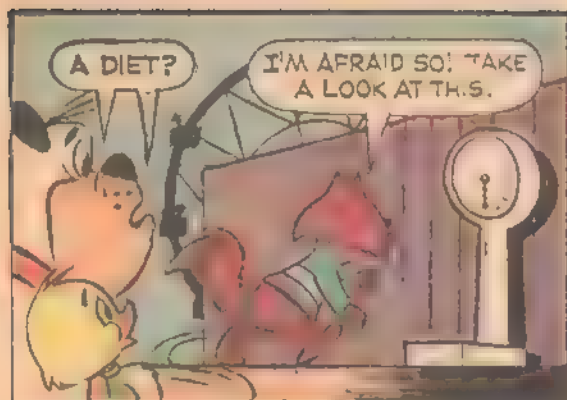
"I am glad, too," blinked his father, "for I was so busy yawning that I didn't see the baby owl until you alerted me."

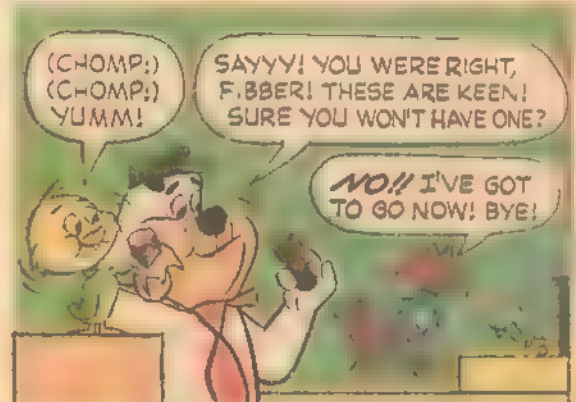
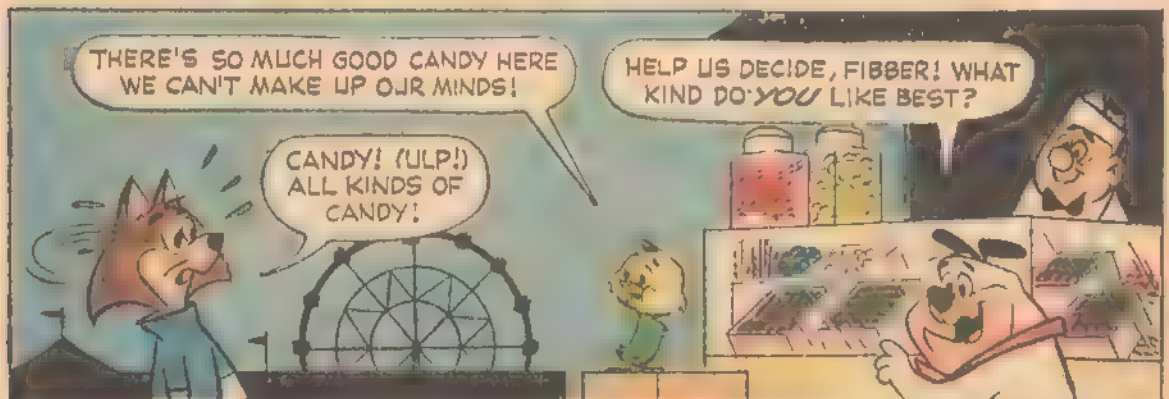
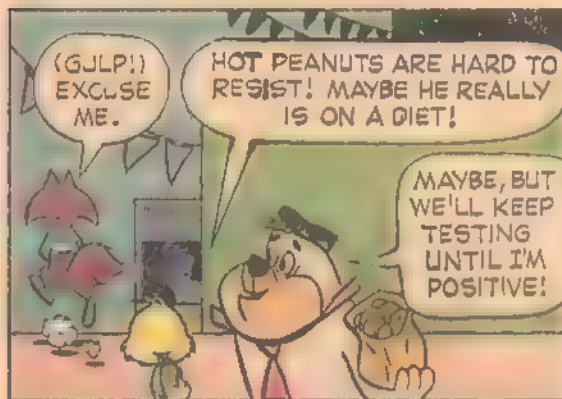
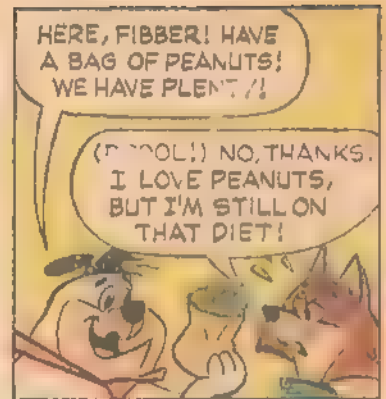
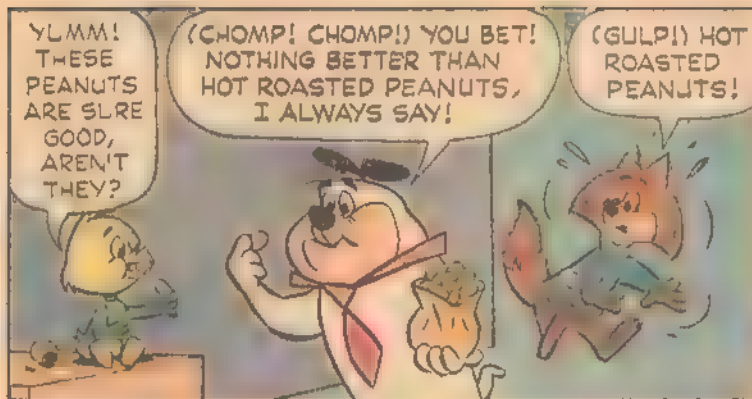
When Little Hoot and his father attended the Woodland Olympics, Little Hoot did not mind in the least that he was not one of the contestants, he just hooted and hooted, cheering his friends in their big events.

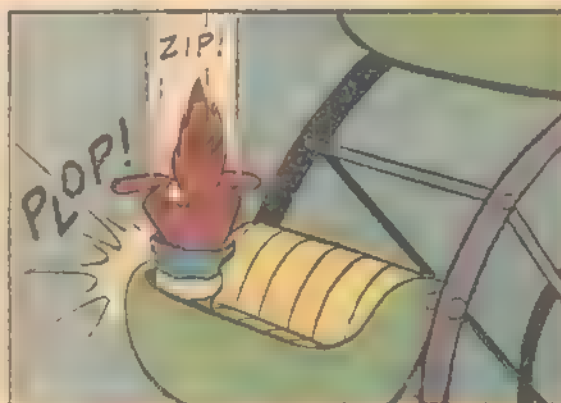
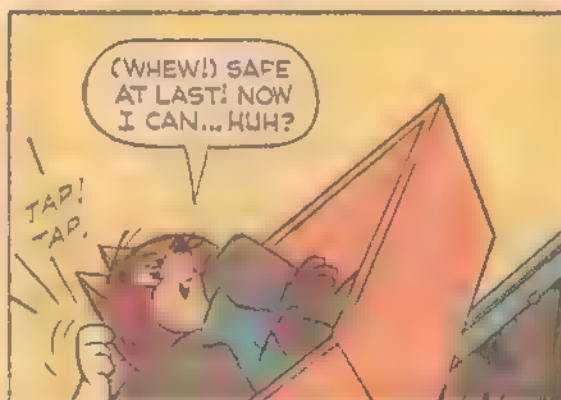
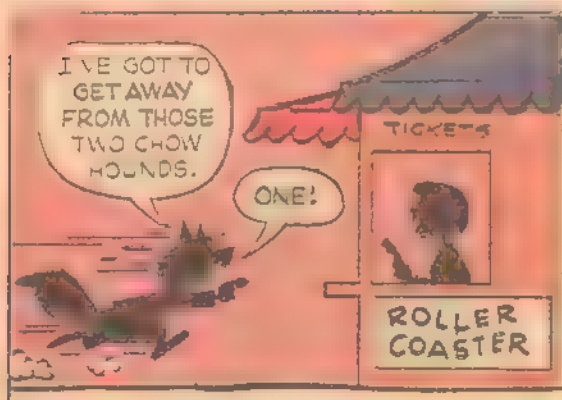
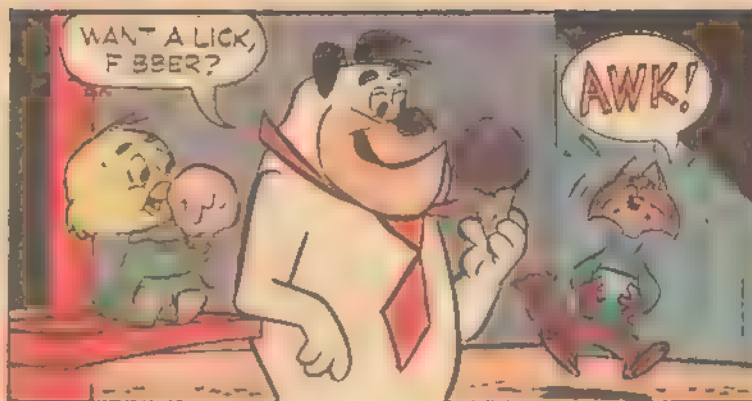
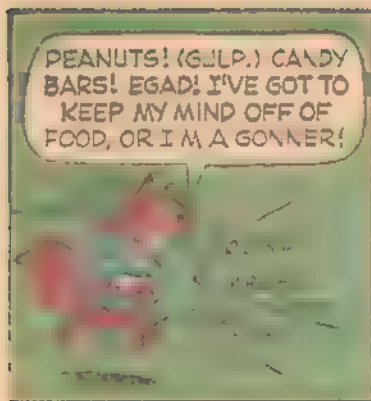
Hanna-Barbera: YAKKY and CHOPPER
DIETING IS A LOSING GAME

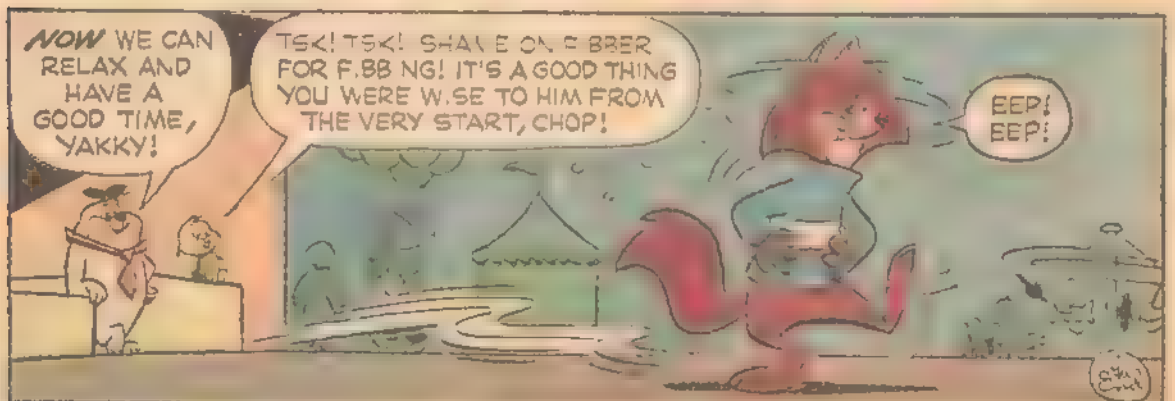
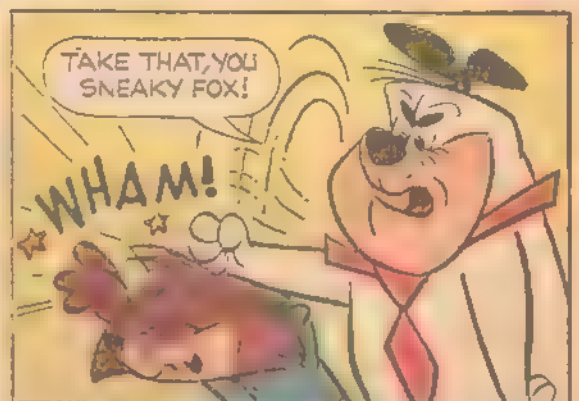
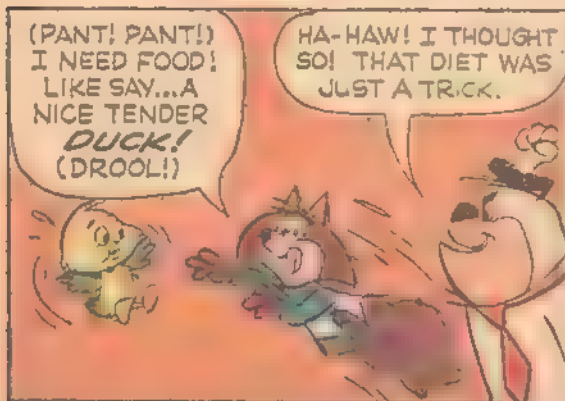
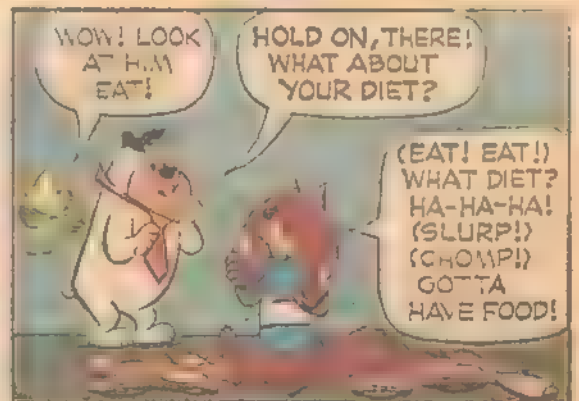
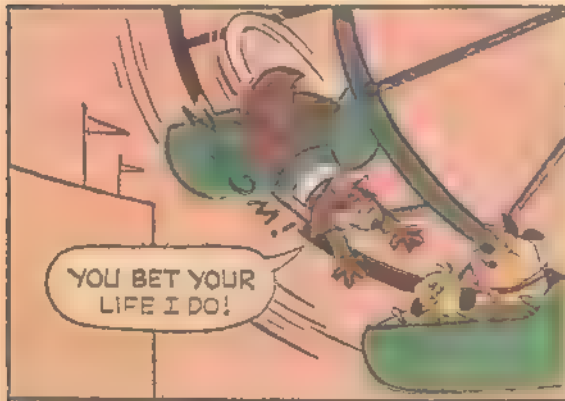
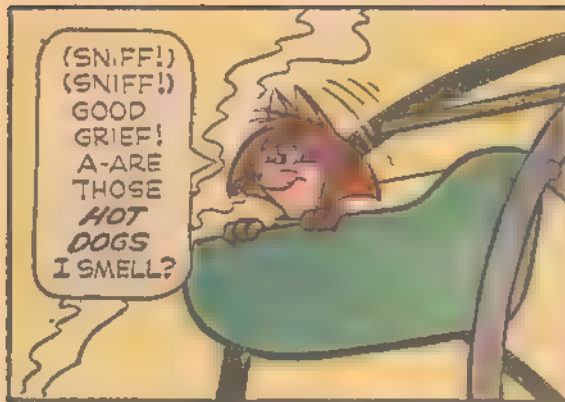






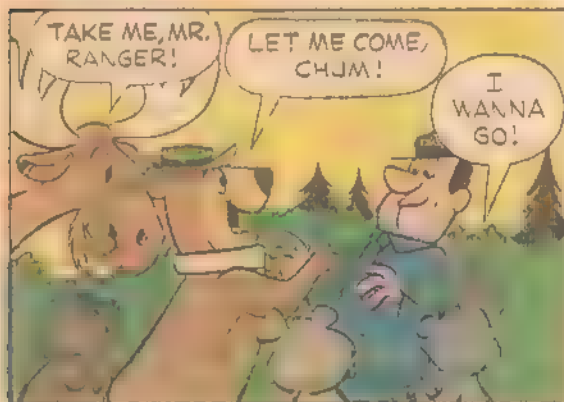
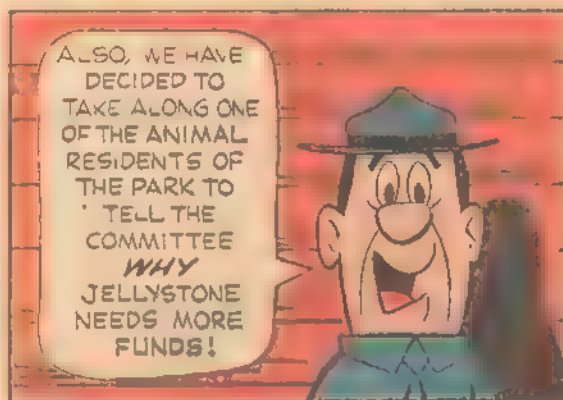
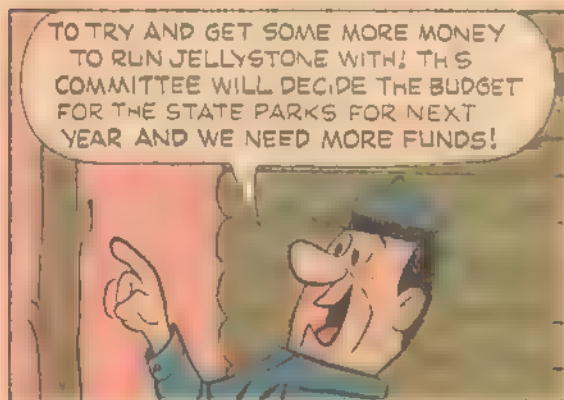
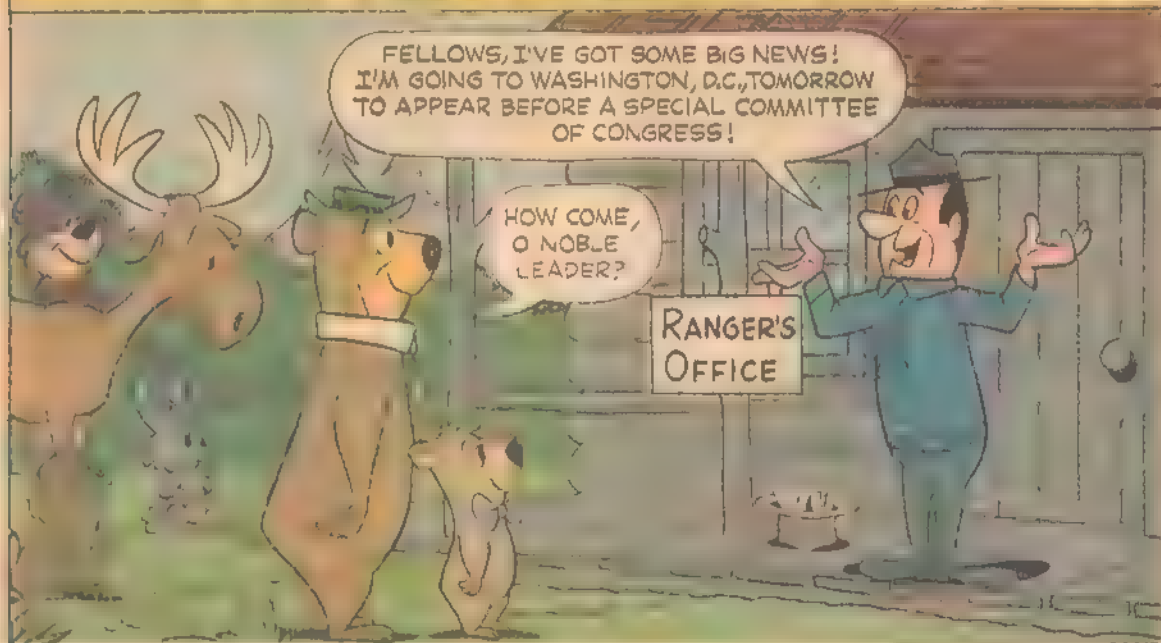


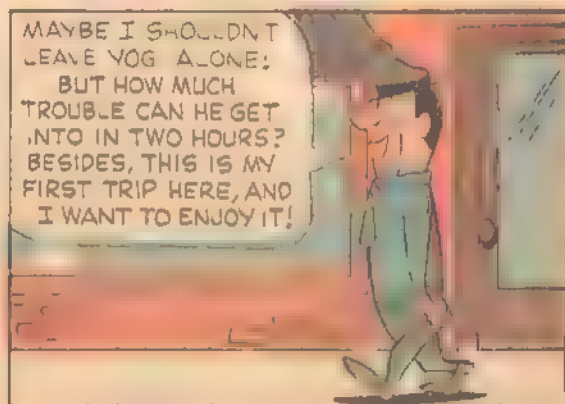
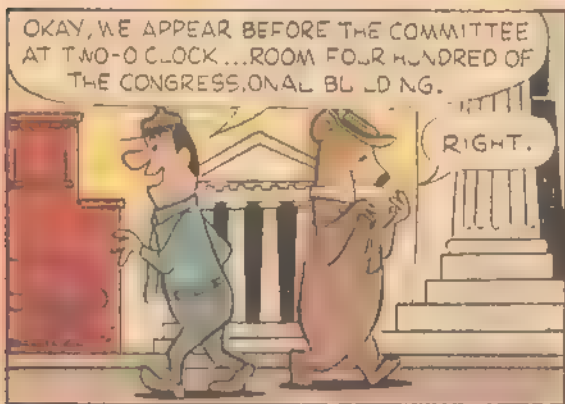
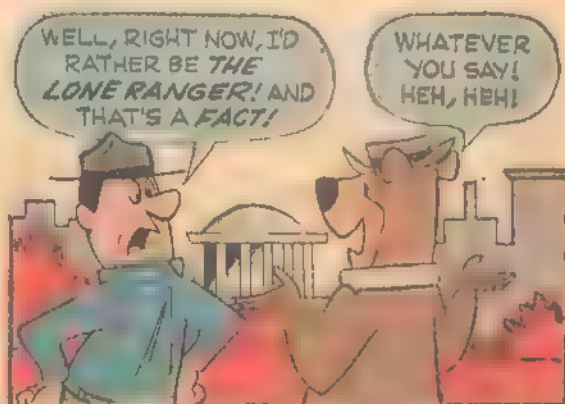
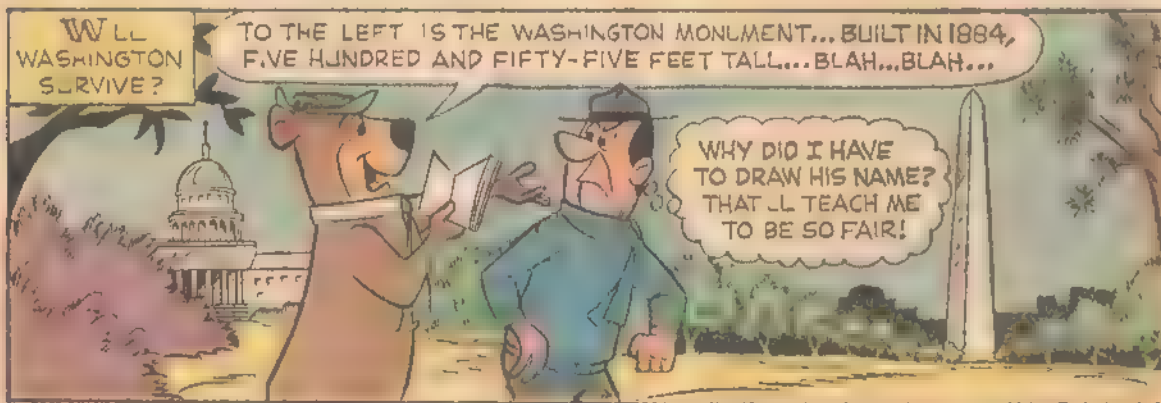




Hanna-Barbera YOGI BEAR

NEVER TAKE A TRIP WITH A BEAR





LATER...

THE
WHITE HOUSE...
CORNERSTONE
LAID IN 1792...
DESIGNED BY
JAMES HOBAN
SITE PICKED
BY GEORGE
WASHINGTON!

WOW! THERE IT IS!
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE
A CLOSER LOOK!

THAT GATE IS
LOCKED, BUT
FENCES ARE
NO OBSTACLES
TO US
CLIMBING
BEARS!

NO! BUT SECRET
SERVICE MEN ARE!

YIPE!

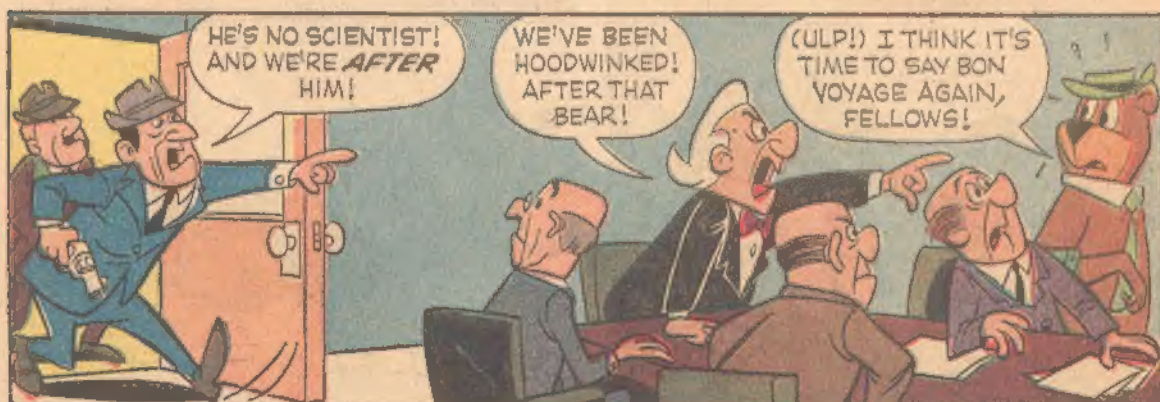
BYE,
GUY!

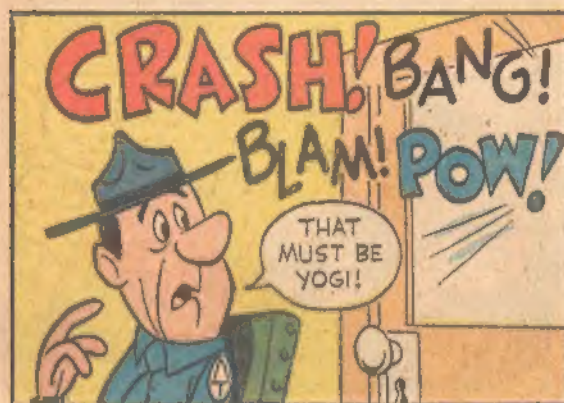
GRAB HIM,
FELLOWS! WE
HAVE TO CHECK
EVERYBODY WHO
TRIES TO BREAK
ONTO WHITE
HOUSE GROUNDS!

LEAVE ME ALONE.
I'VE GOT A VERY
IMPORTANT
MEETING TO
ATTEND!

YEAH,
WITH US!

THIS IS THE
BUILDING, BUT
I FORGOT WHAT
ROOM I WAS
SUPPOSED TO
MEET THE
RANGER IN!





AFTER MANY MINUTES OF
HEATED EXPLANATIONS...



Hanna-Barbera
YOGI BEAR



HEY THERE...
IT'S YOGI BEAR!



All the fun
of YOGI'S first
movie in a
special GOLD
KEY COMIC!



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your favorite
newsstand!